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BORIS GODOUNOV

MOUSSORGSKY


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BORIS GODOUNOV

A NATIONAL MUSIC DRAMA IN
FOUR ACTS WITH A PROLOGUE
(FROM POUSHKIN AND KARAMZIN)

BY

MODESTE MOUSSORGSKY

NEW EDITION, REVISED AND ORCHESTRATED

BY

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ENGLISH TRANSLATION

BY

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BERLIN · BREITKOPF & HÄRTEL · LEIPZIG

PETROGRAD — W. BESSEL & Co. — MOSCOW

PARIS — BRUSSELS — LONDON — NEW-YORK

186628 CHARACTERS.

PART I.

Boris Godounov	Bariton
Feodor { his children	{ Mezzo-soprano
Xenia {	{ Soprano
The old nurse	Mezzo-soprano (low)
Prince Shouïsky	Tenor
Andrew Stchelakov, clerk of the Douma	Bariton
Pimen, monk and chronicler	Bass
The Pretender Dimitri, called Gregory	Tenor
Marina Mnichek, daughter of the Voyevode of Sandomir	Mezzo-soprano, or dramatic soprano
Rangoni, a Jesuit in disguise	Bass
Varlaam { vagabonds	{ Bass
Missail {	{ Tenor
The hostess of the inn	Mezzo-soprano
The idiot	Tenor
Nikitin (Michael), a constable or beadle	Bass

PART II.

A courtier	Tenor
Boyard Khroustchov	Bass
Lovitski { Jesuits	{ Bass
Tchernyakovski {	{ Bass

Peasants male and female (voices in the crowd), Mitoukha (Bass), Tenor, Mezzo-soprano and Soprano. Boyards (nobles) with their children, *streltsy* (archers), guards, Polish lords and ladies, young girls of Sandomir, pilgrims, the people (chorus, and others).

(Period 1598—1605.)

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PROLOGUE

SCENE 1

The courtyard of the Monastery of Novodievich, near Moscow. Near to the spectators is a door in the wall, flanked by a tower. The people assembled. The crowd move to and fro in a spiritless fashion. Enter the constable.

Constable (*to the people*)

Now! how then! Are ye turned to wooden idols?
Quickly! on your knees!

Now then! (*threatens them with his cudgel*) Be quick!
What a crew of Satan's spawning!

Chorus

(*The people kneeling*)

Why dost thou abandon us, thy folk
O father!

Ah! Unto whom dost thou leave thy people,
O father?

If thou desert us, poor orphans,
We shall be helpless,

Ah! we entreat thee to hear our cries
Give heed to our weeping!

Heed our burning tears! Mercy!
Master and father.

(*Exit police officer*)

Our protector!

Thou our guardian! Mercy!

(The people still kneeling)

Mitioukh, say, Mitioukh, why do we weep?

1st Peasant (*Mitioukha*)

The devil! How should I know!

We're here to give our land a ruler.

1st Peasant woman

Oh dear, oh dear! My voice is tired out.

Say, neighbour, tell me gossip.

I thought I saw you drinking!

2nd Peasant woman

Oh! oh! don't you play the humbug!

Chorus

You shouted louder still,

You had a drop yourself!

2nd Peasant

Now you women stop your chatter!

Chorus

Pray why should you give orders?

The constable will catch you!

1st Peasant

Ho! you witches, keep your tongues still!

The women

What, you blackguard, curses on you!

Let me be, you ugly devil!

So, I've found you out, you heathen!

Heaven save us from such rascals!

The men

Don't you like that name, you women!
Does it vex you, hurt your feelings,
Try your temper,
Make you feel mad!

The women *(they rise up)*

Come, good wives, let us be going,
Make all haste to flee from trouble,
Run before ill-luck o'ertakes us!

The men

Witches, witches get you gone!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

(Enter the police officer, the women kneel, the people are motionless as before.)

Police officer *(to the crowd)*

What's this? dumb again?
Your throats are ailing?

(He threatens them)

Come, take care!

Must I whack you well with this to make you sing
out?

(He approaches them) Louts, I'll teach you, and quickly!

The women

There, now, don't be angry,
Keep your temper, Michael.

The men

Only let us get our breath,
Then once more we start.

Men and women

Let us get our breath, you brute, you!

Police officer

Hasten! keep your voices working hard!

The men

All right!

Police officer

Now!

The people (*they sing with all their might*)

Why dost thou abandon us,

O father?

Ah, unto whom dost thou leave thy people,

O father?

Lo we entreat thee hear our cries,

Give heed to our weeping,

Heed our burning tears!

Mercy! master and father!

(Under threats from the officer)

O father!

Ah!

The police officer.

Silence!

(He perceives Stchelakov and makes a sign to the people)

Rise up, hear ye his Honour's words!

(The crowd rise up.)

Stchelakov

(He advances towards the people and salutes them taking off his cap)

Ye Muscovites, your prayers are vain, he yields not.

The urgent wish of all the Douma, and of the Patriarch,

Nought can avail, for Boris declines the Kingdom.

O woe to our land,

O woe to all Russia, ye orthodox!

All the land groans 'neath injustice.

Then pray to the Lord in His goodness

That He may send us comfort and hope in our trouble.

Upon the weary soul of Boris

May Heav'n shed light in time!

(The scene is lit up by the rays of sunset. The pilgrims' song is heard in the distance.)

Pilgrims

Glory to Thee Most High be given,

In all the earth glory unto the pow'rs of Heav'n above,

To all Thy Saints be glory in Russia!

(The people whisper: "Messengers of God".)

God bade His angel speak the word:

"Rise ye clouds of tempest, threatening

Brood, dark and dread, over Russia."

(The Pilgrims enter leaning upon the shoulders of their guides.)

Guides and Pilgrims.

Crush the cruel serpent,

Slay the dragon,

With twenty claw-tipped pinions and deadly sting,

Breeder of dissension,

Sowing discord in our Kingless land!

"Proclaim these words to the orthodox,

For salvation waits."

(Distributing the amulets among the people)

Deck yourselves with holy relics,
Let the sacred ikons be uplifted now,
Take up the picture of our holy Saint Vladimir
And go to meet the Tsar.

(As they enter the convent the song gradually dies away.)

Sing praises unto God,
Sing praises unto the Lord Almighty.
Glory to Thee on earth be giv'n!
Father of Heav'n and earth!

SCENE 2

The courtyard in the Kremlin at Moscow. Facing the spectators, in the background, the Red Staircase leading to the Terem, or apartments of the Tsar. On the right and near the front the people on their knees occupy the space between the two Cathedrals of the Assumption and the Archangels. The porches of both churches are in view.

A great peal of bells on the stage. Procession of the Boyards to the Cathedral.

Prince Shouïsky

(from the porch of the Cathedral of the Assumption)

Long life to thee, Tsar Boris Feodorovich!

The people

Long life and health, O Tsar, little Father!

Prince Shouïsky

Glory!

The people

To the sun in all splendour risen
Be glory,
Sing the glory of the Tsar Boris in Russia,
Glory!

*(Procession of the Tsar from the Cathedral. The police
make the people fall in line.)*

Long life and glory!
Tsar, our father, our gracious Tsar!
Father hail!
Tsar, our Father, our gracious Tsar,
Long life and glory!
Sing, rejoice ye, Russian people!
Sing, rejoice ye, faithful people!
Come exalt our Tsar Boris!
Hail to thee!

The Boyards *(from the porch)*

Hail to thee, Tsar Boris Feodorovich!

The people

Long life to thee,
Glory, glory, glory!
To the sun in all splendour risen be glory!
Tsar, our father beloved,
Thou art our Tsar!

The Boyards

Long life to the, Tsar Boris Feodorovich!

(Here Boris appears and walks across the stage.)

To the sun in all splendour risen be glory,
Sing the glory of the Tsar Boris,
Sing glory!
Hail to Boris, glory!

Boris

My soul is sad! against my will strange tremors
 And evil presentiments oppress my spirit.
 O saint long dead, o thou, my royal father!
 Thou see'st in Heav'n thy faithful servants' tears!
 Look down on me, and send
 A blessing from on high upon my kingdom!
 May I be true and merciful, as thou,
 And justify my people's praise.
 Now let us go and kneel in prayer
 Before the tombs of Russia's kings.
 And then the people all shall feast.
 Aye, ev'ry man, from noble down to serf,
 All shall find room, all shall be my honour'd guests.
*(The bells peal. The procession moves on towards the
 Cathedral of the Assumption.)*

The people

Glory, glory, glory!
 Long life and glory, father unto thee!
*(The constable restores order. The people rush towards
 the Cathedral of the Archangels.)*
 Glory, glory! Thou art our gracious Tsar!

The Boyards

Long life to thee!
 To the sun in all splendour risen
 Be glory.
 Sing the glory of the Tsar Boris,
 Sing glory and long may he reign!
(Excitement in the crowd and conflict with the police.)
 Glory, glory, glory, glory!
*(Boris leaves the Cathedral of the Archangels and goes
 towards the Terem.)*
 Glory, glory!



FIRST ACT

SCENE 1

Night. A cell in the Monastery of the Miracle.

Pimen is seen writing by the light of a lamp. Gregory asleep.

Pimen (*resting a while*)

Still one more page, the last of all the legends;
My chronicle will then be quite complete.
The task that God assigned to me, poor sinner,
Is now accomplished. (*Continues to write*)

(*Pauses in his writing*)

'T was not in vain God kept me here long years
To be His faithful witness.
In future days, some grave industrious monk
Shall profit by my pious, nameless labours,
And, like myself, some night he'll light his candle,
The dust of ages from this old parchment shake,
Ere he transcribe my faithful chronicle;
The grandsons of the orthodox believers
Shall read and learn our land's historic past.
Tho' old and worn, I seem to live again,
When all the vanished years before me pass,
The years that onward roll like ocean's waves;
And some brought grief and stress and days eventful;
But now they pass serenely and in silence.
The dawn is near at hand, my rushlight now is failing...
Still one more tale, the last of all the legends ...

Chorus of monks

God of truth and justice,
Now let Thy servants' pray'r come unto Thee
From all falsehood, from all fraud,
Preserve Thou Thy sons, O Lord,
Whose faith is in Thee!

Gregory (*awaking suddenly*)

That dream, again! three times it now has come!
Still unbanish'd, accursed dream;
See, old Pimen ever writing, the while I slept
No doubt all night he never closed his eyes.
Ah! how I love his look serene and calm,
What time the spirit of old days absorbs him!
So dignified he sits there
Recording Russia's past.

Pimen

Thou art awake?

Gregory

O holy father, bless thy son in God!

Pimen

(rises and blesses him)

God bless thee now and evermore
On earth in this life, and in heaven.

Chorus of monks

Saviour, Saviour mine, hast Thou forsaken me?

Gregory

And thou didst write, all night with zeal unresting,
While my repose by fearful dreams was broken:

It seemed the fiend did plague my soul in sleep!
I'll tell thee: By a staircase, winding and steep,
I reach'd a tower.

Thence I saw all Moscow at my feet;
As in an ant-hill, the crowd below
Moved seething thro' the Square, pointing to me
With fierce and mocking laughter
Then shame and terror overcame my spirit,
I fell from off the tow'r, and thus awaken'd.

Pimen.

Young blood is ever ardent.
O calm thyself by fasting and by pray'r.
Thy dreams will then to radiant visions
Be soon transformed. E'en yet when I myself,
Outworn with hours of watching, doze or slumber
Without a pray'r to God, the livelong night
I know nor rest, nor peace, from sinful visions.
In dreams I sit at wild, unhallow'd feasts;
I hear the din of battle,
Youth's follies and distractions all return.

Gregory

How gay and gallant were your early days!
You were among the heroes of Kazan,
And fought against the Lithuanian troops!
You saw Ivan the Terrible in splendour.
But I, within this humble cell,
Have lived a monkish life from childhood up.
And yet I long to know the joys of war;
To sit at feast with kings at sumptuous banquets.

Pimen

Regret not that the world was early lost to thee.

Believe me: seen from afar its splendour dazzles,
 The love of women lures us from afar.
 Yet think, my son, how many Russian monarchs,
 Great tho' they were—who greater?
 O, in truth, how often have they most gladly
 Put off their purple, dropped their sceptre,
 And doffed their crown and jewels,
 Put on the poor monastic habit,
 And in some humble cell found peace of mind and
 comfort . . .

Yes, in this very cell when holy Cyril dwelt
 Within its walls, (that man of God) here I
 Beheld the Tsar, the ruthless Tsar Ivan,
 Grown soft and gentle.

With us he spake in kind and placid accents,
 While I marked how in his eyes the hot
 Remorseful tears had gather'd . . . Ivan in tears!

(He pauses lost in thoughts)

His son the Tsar Feodor!

'T was he transformed his Palace into a cloister
 Where he pray'd and fasted.

God loved that meek and pious monarch well,
 And while he reign'd all Russia knew the blessing
 Of perfect peace. When God from this world called
 him,

Behold a wondrous miracle was wrought.

His chamber was filled with odours sweet as incense,
 And like the sun at noonday shone his face.

Ah! never more shall we behold his like!

Lo, God is wrath with Russia, she has chosen
 As ruler and sov'reign a man of blood,
 A regicide.

Gregory

Long since, O holy father,
To ask this question I have wished.
What age was he, the Tsarevich
When they murder'd him?

Pimen

He would be now your age and should be Tsar to-day.
But otherwise God willed it.
'T was with this very crime, by Boris planned,
That to-night I clos'd my chronicle.
Brother Gregory,
Thou art a man of learning, versed in books,
My task to thee I relegate.
Set down, my son, in unembellish'd truth
All the things of which thou art a witness,
In war and peace, in tribunals of state;
And note all prophecies and heav'nly omens ...
But as for me, the hour for rest has come ...
(Rises and extinguishes his light. Listening to the bell)
I hear the matin bell!
O God on high, look down and bless us here.
Reach me my staff, dear brother.

Chorus

(Voices of the monks behind the scene)

Grant us Thy grace, O God,
Grant us grace, Most merciful!
God Father all powerful,
Lord of truth and justice,
Grant us Thy grace.

Gregory

(accompanies Pimen to the door, but pauses there a moment)

Boris, Boris, all men bow down before thee,
Not one would venture to remind thee,
How long ago a child was foully murder'd.
Yet here, within his cell, obscure and lowly,
Dwells one who has recorded all thy blackness.
Not to the end wilt thou escape from censure:
Men will condemn, and God will also judge.

SCENE 2

An Inn on the Lithuanian frontier.

The Hostess's Song

Once I caught a drake
With feathers green and blue.
O thou my darling drake,
Come again, my mate so true!
Where the pond shines clear,
I will take thee dear,
There to float and swim at ease
'Neath the shade of flow'ring trees.
Fly away, sweetheart,
Spread thy wings and soar,
High over moor and burn,
But to thy poor love return.
Weeping I will wait,
To caress my mate,
Smooth his feathers green and blue,

Come again, my lover true!
 Clip, and closely hold me,
 Close and closer fold me,
 I desire thy love alone,
 Kiss and make me all thine own!
 Who goes there? Some passer by! Welcome! Guests
 are all friends! Ho there! Gone by! Who ever
 't was has vanish'd.

Come and take my lips
 With a burning kiss!
 O, thou my only mate,
 Sweetheart mine for whom I wait,
 Come console me
 Quick, your bonny widow woo,
 She's a willing widow too!

Missail and Varlaam (*outside the door*)

Good Christian people, prosperous believers,
 Give alms and grudge not, for the building of a church
 to God,
 He will reward you an hundredfold!

Hostess

Ah! God pardon me! Holy hermits! Graceless and
 foolish am I, overtaken in shameful wantonness!
 Here they come! 'tis they, the holy friars!

(*Enter Varlaam and Missail, followed by the False De-*
metrius, called Gregory).

Varlaam

Woman, peace to thee and to thy house!

Hostess

Pray what may I offer you, holy hermits?

Missail

Give us of what thou hast, good dame.

Varlaam (*jogs Missail's elbow*)

Hast thou no wine?

Hostess

Why surely, rev'rend fathers! At once I'll bring it. (*exit hostess.*)

Varlaam (*watches Gregory*)

Why so grave and melancholy, comrade?

Now we are drawing near Poland to that frontier

Thou long hast been striving to reach.

Gregory

Till I'm in Lithuania there is no peace or safety.

Varlaam

And why so set on Lithuania, friend?

We two, good father Missail, and I a poor sinner,

Since from our cells we made ourselves scarce,

Care not a jot where we wander,

Russia or Poland, or your Lithuania,

'Tis all the same where there's good wine!

Varlaam and Missail

And here the wine comes!

Hostess

Taste it, good fathers, and drink to your own good
health!

Varlaam and Missail

Best thanks, pretty hostess, Heav'n will send thee
thy reward!

VARLAAM'S SONG

Varlaam (*bottle in hand*)

Long ago at Kazan where I was fighting,
Tsar Ivan sat a-feasting with his leaders.
There the Tatar horde he harried,
Spared not man, nor maid unmarried,
Then Russia knew fine times!
Near and nearer drew Ivan
About the walls of Kazan;
Close and closer pushed his mines
Beneath the gates of the town!
While the Tatars in the city
Watch'd our camp from afar,
How their eyes were ever fixed
Upon our ruthless Tsar,
Tatars sly and fierce!
Dark and brooding grew the Tsar Ivan,
On his right shoulder bent his head, and gave his
men the word.
Ere he made an end the cannoneers
Held their fuses ready in their hands,
Steady, cannoneers!
Now the tapers of purest wax are burning bright,
Near the barrels the cannoneers take up their stand.
Soon the powder barrels to the mines are rolling
quick,
Ho! lay the lines and lay them sure and thick,
Set the train alight!
Loudly then the savage Tatar horde began to yell,
By my soul, their shouts did rend the air,
Scatter'd far and wide the hated foemen lay,
Forty thousand Tatars blown to hell,

On that famous day.

Long ago at Kazan where I was fighting! Ho!
(*to Gregory*)

Thou didst not once join in my song,
Why this face so gloomy and long?

Gregory

Because I choose.

Missail

Well 'tis thy pleasure.

Varlaam

(*to Missail*)

And drinking is ours, eh Father Missail?
Fill a bumper to our good hostess!

(*to Gregory*)

Hark, brother mine,
When I drink deep,
I hate a sober comrade.

To get drunk is one thing, to keep sober another;
Wilt thou drink with we, I'll make thee welcome!
No? Then yet thee hence, bad luck to, thee!

Gregory

Drink, but do not lose your reason, Father Varlaam!

Varlaam

My reason! What use is't?
Sure 'tis no good to me? Eh!

(*speaks thickly*)

What use'sh in reashon?

No ushe in reashon,

If you want t'reashon shon...

No ushe t'ask me.
 Yes'h he's a jolly fellow!
 Won't attempt to reashon.

Gregory (*approaching the hostess*)

My hostess! Whither leads this road before us?

Hostess

To Lithuania, Sir.

Gregory

How far are we from the frontier?

Hostess

Not very far. If you start soon,
 By nightfall you should be there,
 But you must pass the guardhouse.

Gregory

What! the guardhouse?

Hostess

Some one has fled from Moscow,
 And all who would cross the frontier-line
 Must be stopp'd and search'd.

Gregory

Ah! Then all's over with my cherish'd hopes!

Varlaam

Legs'h rather weak!
 Resht here awhile,
 Take a ni'sh, ni'sh long sleep! (*falls asleep*)

Gregory

Know'st thou for whom they seek?

Hostess

Nay, I know not; a robber, a brigand perchance.
Not a step can we move without these cursed watch-
men.

Gregory (*lost in thought*)

Aye...

Hostess

And whom, think you they catch? Ne'er a soul,
Nor man, nor woman either!
They all avoid the highroad and take a byway! Now,
pay attention:
Choose the lefthand turning, down a long pathway
You will come to the chapel of Tchekan, beside the
stream,
And from thence on to Khlopino; then make for
Zaitsevo;
Once there, any village child will lead you to Li-
thuania.
These sentinels and guards have but one notion,
To oppress poor trav'lers and to insult us helpless
women.

Varlaam (*yawning and stretching*)

There's some one knocks!
Grease your lock, ock, ock!
I shay 'tis rushty lock,
Ock, ock, ock!

Hostess

What steps are these?

(*Goes to the window and gazes out anxiously*)

It is those guards accurs'd! again they' ve come here
to spy!

(The guards enter and watch the Vagabonds.)

Varlaam

No ushe in reashon,
Shtay here awhile
Take a ni'sh long shleep!

A Guard *(they stand behind Varlaam)*

Now then, who are you?

Varlaam and Missaïl *(pitifully and cringingly)*
We are peaceful hermits, humble monks are we.
And from place to place we
Go gath'ring alms where'er we wander.

Guard *(looking at Gregory)*

And thou, who art thou?

Varlaam and Missaïl

He is our comrade.

Gregory *(carelessly)*

I dwell in the neighbouring town,
And I journey with these holy monks *(bowing)*
As far as the frontier.

Guard

I think the lad has no cash,
His wallet's empty... Now, for the friars... Hm!

(Gives a little cough and approaches the table)

Well, holy fathers, have your almsbags been prospering?

Varlaam

O, poorly, son, poorly! Christian folk seem sadly
grudging;

Money lovers, money hoarders; sparing little to God.

Sinful are the people, and the wicked do flourish.

Begging, begging, praying, praying, we can scarcely
draw a single farthing piece.

What can we do? woe's me, we must console our-
selves with drink.

O, we pray that the Last Day be not long delay'd!

Hostess

Lord have mercy, save thy sinful servant!

(The guard examines Varlaam closely.)

Varlaam

Why do you stare and watch me so closely?

The Guard *(to one of his comrades)*

I'll tell you... Alexis! hand the warrant here?

Be quick with it! *(produces the warrant)*

(to Varlaam) See here:

From Moscow has fled a heretic, one

Grishka Otrepiev. Come, didst know of this?

Varlaam

I? nothing!

Guard

Hm! Here is the Tsar's command:

We must arrest and hang him on the spot.

Hast heard of him before?

Varlaam

No, my son.

Guard

Well, canst thou read then?

Varlaam

No, my son, I was not blest with learning.

Guard

See, here is the edict.

Varlaam

Why give it me?

Guard

Because this heretic, brigand and thief is yourself!

Varlaam

A lie! God bless my soul, you're mad!

Hostess

Saints above! why even our poor hermits are molested!

Guard

Hi! Who knows how to read?

Gregory (*comes nearer*)

I can read it.

Guard

Well then! read aloud, not too fast!

Gregory (*reads*)

From the monast'ry of Tchudovo an unworthy novice named Gregory Otrepiev, has escaped. Tempted by the evil one, he sought to bring trouble on his brethren

By all kinds of wicked and sacrilegious doings!
 'Tis thought that this ruffian has fled o'er the border,
 The Tsar has sent orders to arrest him. . .

Guard

and to hang him!

Gregory (*to the Guard*)

I see no word about hanging.

Guard

Liár!

It all depends on what's between the lines. Read
 this:

"To seize him, and to hang him".

Gregory

And to hang him.

(*reads*) The scamp is called. . . Grishka. . . (*he looks at
 Varlaam*)

And his age is fifty. . . beard and hair are grizzled. . .
 Fat and paunchy, his nose is red. . .

Guard

Seize him at once, seize him, 'tis the man!

(*They all fall upon Varlaam, who pushes them away
 roughly.*)

Varlaam

(*with clenched fists, on the defensive*)

What's this! You scoundrels, you infernal liars!

What folly is this? How can I be Grishka?

Come friend, push the joke no further!

Although I have no learning, and am but a poor
 scholar,

Yet I'll make shift to read it,
Or surely I shall swing on the gallows.

(Spells it out)

And he is... is, he is aged about... twenty...

Now where's your fifty? Look here!

Of medium height, rather slim,

And his hair is chestnut, on his nose... his nose..
is a wart,

And on his face... another;

His left arm is... left arm... left arm is... shorter
than his right...

(he scrutinizes Gregory)

(He creeps up to Gregory) Why, he is Grishka!

(Gregory draws his knife and escapes through the window)

All *(looking through the window)*

'Tis he! catch him, run after him! *(they turn towards
the door)*

Catch him! Catch him! Run after him! *(All rush
to the door, crying "Stop thief".)*

(Curtain.)

SECOND ACT

The interior of the Tsar's apartments in the Kremlin. Sumptuously furnished. Xenia holds the portrait of her lover, and weeps over it. The Tsarevich is reading "The book of great maps". The old nurse is busy with needle-work.

Xenia

Where art thou dearest? Where art thou my lover?
In earth's chilly bosom, in a far off country,
All lonely thou liest, beneath a cold gravestone.
Thou see'st not my sorrow, thou hear'st not my
weeping,
Know'st not thy dear one is lonely as thou art.

Nurse

Give o'er weeping, Tsarevna, my darling!
Ever grieving! 't will surely kill thee.

Xenia

My heart aches, nursie dear, aches always!

Nurse

Nay, sweetheart, fret not so! Maidens' tears are like
the dewdrops,
And like dew the sunshine dries them up.
The world is wide, my dearie, We'll find another
wooer,
Gay and handsome, gracious and brave as well.
Thy sorrow then will soon be changed to happiness..

Xenia

Ah, no, no, nursie dear! No, my faithful heart,
Though he be dead, is true.

Nurse

Why child! Thou scarce didst know the man, yet
dost grieve for him!

"Once a lassie languish'd all alone,
Came a lad awooing, handsome and well-grown;
When he proved unfaithful, quick the maid
Dried her tears and found a swain who stay'd."
Hey, my darling! put away your sorrow.
Better far forget it and listen to my tale.

The Song of the Gnat

Once a gnat was cutting wood,
A flea was kneading dough.
Soon a loaf, crisp and good,
On the gnat she did bestow.
Then a shining dragonfly
Through the priest's wide fields pass'd by,
Upset all the cocks of hay,
Down the stream they sail'd away.
Angry grew the gnat,
When he look'd on that.
Snatch'd a faggot large and prickly
Flung it at the insect quickly;
But before the fly it hits,
Lo, the faggot falls to bits!
In his fury, can we wonder
That the poor gnat bursts asunder?
When the flea beheld him drop,
To his aid she came, hop, hop,
Strove his broken bones to mend,
But the gnat was near his end.
All her efforts were in vain,
He would never fly again.

Soon the gnat consol'd and shriven,
Yielded up his soul to heaven.

Feodore

Oh, nursie, nursie dear, what a song to sing!
After the wedding feast, came the passing bell.

Nurse

What then Tsarevich, canst thou sing a better? Come
sing away!
I'll listen with all patience. Long since our Tsar Ivan,
Taught us to know that patience is a virtue. Come
now!

Feodore

There, nursie, do not look so injur'd, let's sing to-
gether!

CLAPPING GAME (Khliost).

I'll tell you a tale, and you'll laugh!
How once a hen did hatch a fine calf,
How a pig once laid a large white egg.
Take it or leave it,
All wise folk believe it!

(He rises and stands in front of the Nurse. While singing, he claps his hands on the first beat of each bar.)

Tourou, tourou, little cock,
Whither dost thou go so far?
To the sea, the blue sea,
All the sights of Kiev to see.
There an old oak braves all weathers,
On a branch an owlet sits, preening his feathers.

Feodore and Nurse

(The Nurse claps at the first beat in the bar)

Blinks and spreads his wings,

While a song he sings

(she jumps up suddenly)

Hoo, hoo, whit-to-woo,

Cease your winking, cease your blinking.

Ding, dong, sing a song,

While the summer nights are long

(One clap at each bar)

Step it lightly, step it rightly.

Feodore *(he ceases clapping)*

To the priest's wife one fine day,

Came a sparrow, pert and gay,

'T was a sparrow, true,

Quite a young one too,

With a beak, very long,

Yes, a beak sharp and strong.

Soon the bird flew away

With his friend the owl to stay;

Feodore and Nurse

Whisp'ring low in his ear, the owl did say:

(Feodore and the Nurse draw closer together)

Nurse *(clapping)*

Lately our deacon had thresh'd out his barley,

His good wife, to dry it

In the oven must shy it.

The oven she lighted,

Our deacon affrighted,

Watch'd with wond'ring eyes

Smoke and leaping flames arise.

Feodore and Nurse

(2 claps in the bar)

The deacon, he jump'd in the waterbutt lightly
And closed his ears tightly!

Feodore

While he's hidden,
All unbidden,
Mistress deacon bakes
Such a fine feast of cakes.
The police arriv'd in haste
Ate her cakes, nor left a taste!

Feodore and Nurse

Ate them all up, and a cow and bullock too!
Fifty fine fat geese,
More than one goose apiece!

Feodore *(claps the Nurse on the back)*

Khliost! Khliost!

Nurse *(perceives Boris and curtseys in terror)*

Ah me!

Boris

What now? Am I a hawk to carry off your young?

Nurse

My lord and Tsar forgive me!
I am a poor old woman, and soon frightened.

Boris

What aileth thee, child? Xenia my darling,
Poor maiden scarce betroth'd and yet a widow!
And grieving ever more for thy lost love.

Xenia

My sov'reign! Let not a maiden's foolish tears un-
nerve thee!

For all my grief most surely is as naught
Beside thine own great anguish.

Boris

Beloved child! Thy father's darling!

Go, seek thy play-mates, and the brightness of thy
chamber;

Forget thy loss! Find some distraction. Now, go,
my child!

*(Exit Xenia and the Nurse. Boris looks at Xenia with
tenderness as she goes.)*

And thou, my son, what is this? An atlas?

Feodore

'Tis that of Muscovy,

All thy kingdom from end to end.

See, father: Here is Moscow, and Novgorod,

Here is Kazan, Astrakhan . . .

That's water, 'tis the Caspian,

And there the forests dark and dense of Perm,

And here's Siberia.

Boris

Well done, my boy, well done! As from a height,

Here at a glance thou may'st behold the whole,

Vast kingdom; its bound'ries, rivers, cities.

Aye, learn, Feodor!

A day may come, perchance it cometh soon,

When all this wide land shall belong to thee.

Aye, learn, my son!

*(Boris moves towards the couch. He takes up the parch-
ments on the table and looks at them absentmindedly)*

RECITATIVE AND ARIA

Boris

I have attained to power.

Six years have pass'd since first I ruled o'er Russia.

But still no peace returns to my remorseful soul.

In vain the seers and prophets all foretell

Long years of life and honour, glad and peaceful.

Nor life, nor pow'r, nor glory can delight me,

Nor plaudits of men; these things give me no joy.

My hopes for those most near and dear are blighted;

I look'd to make a joyful marriage feast

For her, my darling daughter, my pure white dove.

Like lightning death did snatch away her spouse.

The heavy hand of One above doth press

Upon my guilty soul, requiring justice!

Around me all is darkness unending,

The future holds nor light nor comfort.

My heart is filled with sorrow;

And rack'd with despair my anguish'd spirit.

Mysterious terrors shake me,

Awful visions haunt me . . .

In supplication I kneel to my Saviour,

For respite from pain and sharp remorse.

Enthroned in splendour, ambition's dreams accom-
plish'd,

I reign o'er Russia, yet pray to God

For tears of consolation.

But God condemns! My nobles plot against me;

The Poles in secret are conspiring;

Famine, pest and treachery surround me;

While, like savage beasts, the people roam, plague-
stricken.

The country from end to end, groans in grief!

These heavy burdens, imposed by Heaven
To punish my crime, still unpardon'd,
My people lay them all at my door.
In the market and the street, Boris is accursèd!
Now sleep has flown from me . . . In night's dark-
est hours
The child Demetrius comes in blood-stain'd shroud.
With eyes dilated and hands uprais'd,
Imploring for mercy . . .
But mercy was denied him!
I see the gaping wound that gleams so red,
His cry forever haunts me . . .
O, God above, save Thou me!

Nurses and Servants *(behind the scenes)*

Ai hsh!

Boris

What's this tumult?

Servants (*behind the scenes*)

Ai hsh, hsh! Ai, ai!

Boris (*to his son, in anger*)

Go, see, what means this uproar?

The Servants

Hsh, hsh! Ai!

Boris

Ah, bid them cease! (*Enter the Boyard in Waiting*)

The Servants

Hsh, hsh, hsh! Oh, wicked beast!

Boris (*to the Boyard in Waiting*)

Why com'st thou?

The Servants

Hsh, hsh!

Boris

Tell thine errand!

The Boyard

Most Gracious lord and Tsar! It is Prince Vassily Shouïsky who craves an audience.

Boris

Shouïsky? 'Tis well! Go, say his wish shall be fulfill'd, anon we will hold converse.

The Boyard in Waiting (*rises and whispers in Boris's ear*)

Last night from Poushkin came a serf who brought ill tidings:

The districts are o'errun with rebel boyards and nobles in revolt;

In secret conclave and by night they meet to plot.
A messenger arriv'd from Cracow bringing news.

Boris

Arrest him quick! Ah ha! Shouïsky, Prince!

(*Exit Boyard. Enter Feodore*)

(*to Feodore*) What now?

Feodore

Tsar, my father, 'tis not meet I should disturb
With trifling matters, such as these,
Affairs more weighty.

Boris

(*Feodore sits on his fathers knee. Boris caresses him*)

Nay, my son! Tell me all. See, I listen.

Feodore

Popinka, our old parrakeet set the maids laughing. Chatt'ring without a pause, oh he was so funny! Bending his little head and asking them to scratch it, Yes, ev'ry one in turn, he made them all caress him. Only nurse Nastasia would not pet or scratch him. Popinka in a rage used some shocking language. Then she grew very cross, seized his poor neck roughly,

Popinka scream'd and swore, ruffling out his feathers.
Well, ev'rybody tried with kind words to soothe his
temper.

Soon, all the waiting maids were gather'd round
But no, Popka was furious! [about him.
Sulky and cross he sat, with his beak beneath his wing.
Would not look up, but still swore at old Nastasia.
All of a sudden then, without any warning,
Straight in her face he flew,
In her fright she fell right over.

Quickly the others ran, wild with fear and anger,
Strove with their shouts and cries Popka in his cage
to hustle.

Popka declin'd! Scratch'd and bit them when they
touched him.

There, father, now you know
The reason of the uproar,
Which disturb'd your serious thoughts
And your meditations.
There, I've told you all that happen'd.

Boris

My child, the offspring of my heart!

Ah, with what charm and frankness hast thou told
this simple story!

How artless thy speech, yet how graphic!

Thou knowest right well thy words to choose.

These are the fruits of learning,

Great are the powers that knowledge will bring thee.

O, might I only live to see thee Tsar of Russia,

Proclaim'd her one and lawful ruler!

Ah! then with what gladness

And scorn of worldly honour

I'd fling away the heavy burden

And fret of statecraft! (*Enter Shouïsky*)

Shouïsky

Most noble lord and Tsar, thy servant.

Boris

Ah, most eloquent turncoat!

Seducer of the stupid sheep-like crowd,

Ringleader, thou, of my seditious nobles,

Enemy of Russia and the Tsar.

Perjur'd, doubly perjurd, yet unasham'd,

Treasonous flatt'rer, hypocrite, thou maker

Of holy wafers 'neath the boyard's robe,

Snake!

Shouïsky

Tsar! my errand is very grave,

The news I bring will vex thee.

Boris

I know thy tidings, Prince.

Did not a messenger bring them to thee

In secret from thy companions
The rebel boyards?

Shouïsky

True, my Tsar!
A pretender has aris'n in Poland;
The king, the nobles, the Pope himself acclaim him!

Boris (*rises in agitation*)

Under what pretence this traitor dares he arm against
me?
Speak what title does the villain bear? What name?

Shouïsky

Undoubtedly, my Tsar, thy throne is safe;
Thy clemency, thy zealous work and largesse,
Have won the hearts of thy most humble serfs,
On their devotion the Tsar may surely count.
And yet although to speak is pain and grief to me,
And I would pour my lifeblood out to serve my
master,
I dare not hide the truth from him:
That should this traitor bring about
His evil machinations,
And o'er the Lithuanian border reach our land,
Perchance our people, too, might join his cause.
Men say 'tis young Demetrius come again.

Boris

Demetrius! Tsarevich, now withdraw!

Feodore

Sov'reign Tsar, permit me to remain beside thee.
May I not learn what sudden danger threatens our
domain?

Boris

My child, you cannot stay!

Tsarevich! Tsarevich! Thou must obey me!

(Feodore withdraws. Boris follows his son and closes the door upon him. Then he advances swiftly towards Shouïsky.)

Quick take steps, lose no time,

Let all the frontier be protected at ev'ry point,
And see no living creature into Russia passes through!

Begone! Nay, remain, remain, Shouïsky!

Hast ever heard men tell how murder'd babes
Arise from out their coffin'd slumbers

To vex the souls of Tsars, and lawful kings,
Elected by the people, anointed by

The Patriarch in person?

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!...

(laughs madly) Did'st laugh?

(Seizes Shouïsky by the collar)

What! Now thou laughest not?... Eh?

Shouïsky

Forgive me, most gracious Lord and Tsar!

Boris

Listen, Prince! When long ago

That evil action was accomplish'd,

When, ere his time, the child was sent to Heaven,
The boy they buried, was he in truth Demetrius?

Shouïsky

Yes!

Boris

Vassily Ivanich!

Now cross thyself and swear by God

To tell me all thou witness'd.
 All! withhold no word of truth.
 Thou knowest my clemency,
 But if to me thou liest, I promise thee:
 I will invent a punishment so awful
 Ivan the Terrible himself would quake to think
 upon it!
 Your answer, Prince!

Shouïsky

I fear no torture so much as thy displeasure.
 In the church at Ouglich, before the people,
 Five days I watch'd the body of the slaughter'd
 child.
 And round him lay some thirty other corpses,
 Disfigur'd, wrapp'd in blood-stained rags for shrouds,
 They fester'd; for in truth,
 The bodies all did cry aloud for burial.
 The face of one, the boy Dimitri,
 Was still as fair as in his life,
 Though red and deep a gash did show,
 His throat encisling.
 Yet on his lips, so innocent,
 A wonderful angelic smile was playing.
 It seem'd as though he slumber'd in his cradle,
 A babe once more.
 His hands were folded, but still he grasped
 The toy he last had play'd with.

Boris

Enough, Prince!

(Boris makes a sign to dismiss Shouïsky. As the latter withdraws he glances back at Boris, who sinks into his arm-chair.)

SCENE WITH THE CHIMING CLOCK.

Boris (*alone.*)

I suffocate! Scarce can I draw my breath!
I feel that all my blood has rush'd into my brain;
It stays there and still throbs.

O conscience, remorseless, how sternly dost thou
chastize me!

'Tis enough for thee to know a single stain,
Some petty and fortuitous dishonour,
At once to prick, and fill the heart with poison.
I think that death approaches,

For in mine ears the pulses beat like hammers,
They beat out curses! My breath is labour'd . .

(in a hollow voice) I stifle... the world is spinning
round me...

I see the child, and from his throat drips blood!

Hah! What's that? I saw it there! See, it moves!
It comes to me . . . how near . . . yet nearer still . . .
It moans and quivers . . . (*parlando*) Avaunt! Avaunt!
Begone . . .

I am guiltless of thy death... (*parlando*) Avaunt!
Avaunt child! Not mine... the deed...

The people all will'd it! Child, begone...

God, above! Who desireth not the sinner's death,
Have mercy upon me, yea on me,
The guilty Tsar Boris!

(Curtain)

THIRD ACT

SCENE 1

Chorus of Maidens of Sandomir.

The room of Marina Mnishek, where she is discovered at her toilette. The girls amuse her with their songs.

Chorus of Maidens

By Wisla's blue waters,
 Beneath an old willow,
 A flow'ret is blooming
 With petals like snowflakes.
 All day in the mirror
 Of glassy clear water,
 Half dreaming she watches
 Her beauty reflected.
 Around her are dancing
 And flashing in sunshine
 A myriad bright insects,
 With wings so gaily painted.
 Like captives ensnar'd by her beauty they hover,
 Not daring to brush her pale petals in passing.
 While queenlike the blossom
 Her fair head bends proudly,
 All day in the water
 She gazes half-dreaming.

Marina (*to her maid*)

Give me my diamonds!

Chorus

The Princess who dwells in our castle is fairer
 Than any white blossom that grows by the river.

O, fairer and purer
And rarer than lilies.
The pride and the gladness
Of all Sandomir,
And the flow'r of our land.
How many gallants are lur'd by such loveliness!
They flock to adore her, and strive to win our fair
maid,
But none are accepted. Her smiles they are price-
less,
To kneel at her footstool is counted an honour.
Our lovely princess has no fancy for wooers,
She listens and mocks when with passion they court
her,
And scorning to wed, on their vows of devotion
Looks coldly.

Marina

Enough, girls!
Your beautiful princess now thanks you
For all your pretty speeches,
Comparing her to fragile, haughty blossoms,
Whiter than the snowflakes;
But still, your princess is not happy.
What use your adulations, your devotion,
Your unmeaning words of flatt'ry?
All this pack of lovers, these gilded youths and gal-
lants,
Who kneel to me and languish, and crave for trifling
favours!
Nay, Marina asks not songs of love and dalliance,
Nor to hear her beauty prais'd by maids who serve
her.

Sing the songs my nurse once taught me,
Wondrous songs of days departed.
Songs of warriors, songs of conquest,
Songs that ring with Poland's glory,
Sing of times when maids were ready
For their land to perish bravely.
These are songs to please your mistress,
They alone console her dullness.
Now leave me! (*Exit the maidens*)
(*to her maid*) Thou, Rosa, no more to night I need
thee.
Go to rest!

Marina's Air

Ah, poor Marina! Ah, how dull is life!
Life is empty, life is dreary,
Long the days and weary,
Cheerless, grey and flat,
Sing, heigh ho!
All the host of men who woo me,
Knights and wealthy magnates,
Cannot make existence brighter!
Yet, at last, the dawn is breaking,
In the East a rose is blushing;
There's a youth late come from Moscow
Who has set my heart abeating.
My Dimitri, sent by Heaven,
Pitiless avenger,
God's redresser, call'd and chosen,
Thou shalt wreak a timely vengeance
On Boris the black usurper,
Who to slake his thirst for power
Slew the innocent Tsarevich.

I will rouse our sleepy magnates, bid them fight;
 With the gleam of gold I'll win them for thy cause,
 As for thee, my young pretender, thou my bashful wooer,
 Thou shalt be entranc'd by passion, mad with love.

I will stifle all thy scruples
 With my ardent kisses,
 My Tsarevich, my Dimitri,
 Long expected lover.

I will charm thine ears with love-words
 Passionate and tender,

My Tsarevich, my Dimitri,

I will teach thee courage!

For Marina long has wearied,
 Sought by lovers shy and tepid,
 Youths who only dream of passion,
 Worthy magnates vain and pompous.

But Marina longs for glory,
 But Marina craves for power!

On the royal throne of Moscow

I would queen it proudly,

Robed in purple, deck'd with jewels,

Glitt'ring like the sunlight;

While astounded at my beauty,

All the silly folk of Moscow,

All the herd of boastful nobles

At my feet would fall and grovel.

In the legends and the folksongs

Would my splendour be recorded,

At the glory of Marina

Men shall marvel. (*she laughs*)

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! (*Rangoni appears in the doorway*)

(*She sees Rangoni and gives a cry*)

Ah! Ah! rev'rend father, 'tis thou!

Rangoni

Marina, may a humble slave of God
Make trespass upon your precious time, most fair
And gracious lady, and beg attention?

Marina

My father, you have no need to beg.
Marina Mnishek while she draws her breath
Will ever be a faithful, devoted daughter
Of the one, united Church.

Rangoni

Child, the holy Church of God is much neglected;
Soil'd and faded are our pictures and vestments;
Dried at the source the fount of faith and dogma.
Ah, the sacred censers burn but feebly;
The scars of martyrs are bleeding afresh,
While in Heav'n the Saints are weeping,
Here on earth God's shepherds are lamenting.

Marina

O father, your reproaches
Touch my heart and stir me painfully.
All you have said to me
Lacerates my spirit, wrings my heart.

Rangoni

Child, my child, Marina! To thee it falls
To spread the truth in Moscow,
And teach these heretics.
'Tis thy duty to make them converts,
To extinguish all schism and rebellion!
Then in Heav'n, Marina,
The Saints around the Throne shall rejoice
And the angels all shall praise thy name.

Marina

Then in Heav'n, Marina,
The Saints shall rejoice around the Throne,
And the angels all shall praise thy name.

Ah! This is sin!

My father, what great temptations dost thou unfold
Before the changeful, erring heart of thy weak
daughter Marina?

Nay, I love the world too dearly,
All its revelry, its wealth and brightness.
Not for me this lofty mission,
To implant the Faith in Russia.
Spare my weakness!

Rangoni

Thy beauty, my child, has bewitch'd our pretender!
First, with soft speeches and ardent glances,
Thou must strive to take Dimitri captive.
Then, tears and smiles, all a woman's weapons
Thou must use to make him obey thee;
Scorn foolish terrors and twinges of conscience;
Heed not the voices that whisper,
Telling of censure and worldly dishonour;
Cast off false modesty, put away coyness;
Use ev'ry art that thou knowest
And play the light, fickle woman;
Or try persuasion and flatt'ry;
Try subtle deceit and suggestion.
Lure and lead him on catch and keep him fast.
'Then when at thy feet he worships, lost in love-rapture,
By passion conquer'd, ready for thy bidding,
Wring out his oath to advance our propaganda!

Marina

These are not my wishes!

Rangoni

What? Presumptuous woman! Rebellious and sinful!
That which our Church demands as oblation,
Must thou be prepared to give her,
Without alarm, without a scruple,
Even thine honour.

Marina

O, wicked man!
I see through thy cunning and spurn it,
Thy heart is deprav'd and treacherous.
Accursèd priest, I loathe and despise thy wiles!
Go, from my sight!

Rangoni

Marina! In thine eyes flashes a flame devouring
and cruel,
Thy lips are distorted, ghastly thy colour;
And all thy beauty is vanishing,
Dispell'd by the Evil One.
Satan hath thee, and holds thee in thralldom,
A demon of pride doth possess and obscure thee.
Threat'ning and heavy his wings o'ershadow thee,
Satan himself is hov'ring near!

Marina

Heaven, protect me now! Heaven show me mercy now!
O my God, show Thy pity to luckless Marina! Ah!
(She utters a cry and falls at the feet of Rangoni.)

Rangoni

Believe in me, God's anointed.
Surrender all thy being to me, His messenger;
Thy thoughts, desires and fancies,
Obey thy priest in all things.

(*Curtain.*)

SCENE 2

The Castle of Mnishek at Sandomir. A garden, with a fountain.
Moonlight.

The False Dimitri comes out of the Castle with a dreamy air.)

The Pretender Dimitri

"Meet me to-night near the fountain!"

O, wond'rous accents! With what fond rapture
This voice can fill my heart!

Beloved, wilt thou come to me?

As wingeth a dove to her mate will thou come to me?

Or hast thou forgotten thy falcon undaunted,

Who ever pines for thee, yearns and languishes

For tender greetings and words of welcome?

O, come my lady, for thou alone canst heal my pain!

Marina! Marina!

Answer! Come, Marina!

O come, o come, I wait for thee,

I wait for thee!

Marina, come!

Ah! alas, she comes not!

(*The Jesuit comes furtively from an angle of the castle wall.*)

Rangoni

Tsarevich!

Demetrius

Tis thou, again! Who like my shadow follows me.

Rangoni

Serene and valourous Tsarevich!

I seek thee here, sent by my fair daughter, Marina.

Demetrius

Marina?

Rangoni

. . . . my daughter in the spirit,
Gentle and meek, Heavn's gift to me,
She bade me to seek thee and whisper
That thou art the cause of much vexation
Which has befallen her,
She loves thee and fain would meet thee here

Demetrius

Ah! were thy words but true! Could I believe thee,
Nor feel all that thou say'st inspir'd by Satan.
I would flee away with my darling, my fair white dove,
Far away, to the land of Russia would I go,
And set her on high, on the Tsar's own throne,
And all the folk should worship her! . . .
Foul tempter!
Like a thief in the night thou piercest
My soul's most inward, secret sanctuary
To rob it.
Marina loves not me. Priest, thou liest!

Rangoni

I, lie to thee? Wherefore should I lie, Tsarevich?
 I tell thee, day and night
 Marina thinks and dreams of thee,
 Alone in silence;
 In the calm nocturnal watches
 Her thoughts abide with thee.
 O, didst thou love her better,
 And could'st thou but guess the pangs she suffers,
 Poor proud and highbred lady,
 Noting the whispers of malice, the smiles of mock'ry
 Gossip and hints of meetings in secret,
 Light talk of kisses, trifles that wound a sensitive soul.
 O, didst thou but know all she feels,
 Thou ne'er wouldst upbraid me nor brand me a liar.
 True, ah, too true the insults endur'd by Marina.

Demetrius

Enough! Cease to hurl reproaches.
 Far too long have I hidden from the world all my
 rapture!

I will defend Marina's honour,
 And deal with these presumptuous nobles;
 Frustrate the slanders and tricks of their women,
 And laugh to scorn their pitiful malice;
 Before the whole false-tongued assemblage of nobles
 I will declare boldly my love for Marina.
 I'll kneel at her feet and humbly implore her
 On my great passion to look without scorn;
 Pray her to wed me, and be my queen!

Rangoni

May Saint Ignatius prosper thy suit!

Demetrius

Thou, who hast renounc'd the world,
Thou who dost condemn all life's blisses and
 transports,
Subtle suggester of passion in others,
I adjure thee, O priest, by all thou holdest most true,
Aye by thy promise and hope of Paradise,
Now take me to her, O let me gaze upon her,
Let me speak my love
And tell her of all my desire.
Then, be it what it may, I will pay thee thy price.

Rangoni

My son, I am a humble priest who lives but by pray'r,
And meditates on death and judgment,
On the retribution reserved for that day
Which comes when no man looks for it.
Yea, to carnal pleasures long indiff'rent,
What have I to do with worldly treasures?
But yet if Demetrius, guided by Heaven,
Will grant my one humble wish:
That I may follow him at all times,
May watch o'er his comings and goings
And know his thoughts,
May guard and keep him like a son . . .

Demetrius

Yes, thou shalt remain with me always,
If thou wilt bring me to Marina,
My queen, my beloved . . .

Rangoni

Tsarevich, hide thyself!

Demetrius

What say'st thou?

Rangoni

The banquet's done, and see,
How yonder comes a group of Magnates.
Begone, Tsarevich, I implore thee, begone!

Demetrius

Let them come then, I will bid them welcome,
To each according to his merits.

Rangoni

Be cautious, Tsarevich,
Wouldst thou risk thyself then, and lose thy Marina?
Go, waste no time!

*(Dimitri conceals himself among the trees. A crowd of
guests come out of the castle)*

Marina *(on the arm of an elderly nobleman)*

Nay, my lord, I scarce believe your protests;
All your vows of love eternal cannot touch me!
Never, sir, will your soft speeches
Have the pow'r to deceive me. *(they pass on)*

Chorus of guests *(men)*

We shall surely capture Moscow, bag and baggage!
Lead our Russian captives home to you fair ladies,
How we'll send Boris and all his squadrons flying!
We will drive them like the dust before the wind!

The Ladies

Lose noo time, brave sirs, but march on Moscow now!
March on Moscow now, without delay,

Bring Boris himself a captive.
March, march! Tsar Boris is ours!

Guests (*men*)

(They re-enter the castle. The Hungarian guests speak in passing)

The Poles intend to slaughter all the Muscovites
And burn their nest!

Ladies

Marina understands not . . .
A beauty, but heartless,
A haughty maid, Marina . . .

Marina

(comes into the castle and speaks to the guests)
Some wine, some wine, kind guests!

Guests

Drain the cup to the house of Mnishek!
Drain the cup in Mnishek's honour!
Drink, my lords, to Marina Mnishek!
The Hungarians drink to the health of Panna Mnishek!
Drink my lords, to our hostess Panna Mnishek!
(behind the scenes)

Hurrah! hurrah!

(Marina and the guests re-enter the castle)

Demetrius (*alone*)

Vile and crafty Jesuit. All too closely
Hath he caught me in his trammels!
For one brief moment, far away, I caught
A glimpse of my divine Marina,
And furtively I watch'd the glance and gleam
Of her bright eyes like star-beams.

My heart was throbbing wildly. Ah, with what ardour,
 With what heat I longed to strike a blow for freedom,
 And slay my hated, uninvited guardian,
 My spiritual father!

The while he talk'd unceasingly
 And pour'd forth streams of lies and empty phrases,
 I, standing by, beheld my lovely lady
 Go past upon the arm of some vain lordling;
 I saw Marina sweetly smile upon him,
 And whisper charming speeches, tender and low;
 Perchance she promis'd to be his own, his bride . . .
 Marina! to wed a heartless rake!

When fate more kind would give her
 True love and gladness and glory,
 A crown of gold, a throne and robes of purple!
 Nay, God forbid!

Without delay, I'll don my armour!
 My helm, my gleaming falchion, bestride my steed,
 And charge where rages the battle!
 Proudly I'll ride before my brave warriors,
 Till face to face we meet, I and my foemen,
 Ere I mount in triumph the throne of my fathers!

Marina (*enters the garden*)

Dimitri! Tsarevich, Dimitri!

Demetrius

'Tis she, Marina! (*going towards her*)
 Thou? O my beloved, my beautiful princess!
 Ah, sweet, how sad to me, how endless
 Were those long hours of lonely waiting!
 Torments of doubt and gnawing envy
 Tore my heart asunder,
 Jealousy darken'd my thoughts of Marina!

My love itself, my bliss, my dreams of thee,
Seemed things accursèd!

Marina

I know them these lover's tales!
The livelong night he lies awake,
All day he mopes and dreams of one he calls Marina!
Nay, I came not here to speak
Of lover's sighs and foolish fancies,
Other thoughts are mine.
Thou, in lonely hours of waiting
May'st console thyself with dreams of love and me.

Demetrius

Marina!

Marina

There! Thou need'st not feign surprise,
'Tis well that thou should'st know: I ne'er could
love thee
Even didst thou die for me.
But when shall Moscow see thee reign as Tsar?

Demetrius

As Tsar? Marina! thou affrightest my soul!
Can it be thus? The glamour of a throne,
The crowd of cringing slaves, their odious denun-
ciations,
Can these have turn'd away thy love?
Where is thy tender and pure desire
For thy lover's passionate kisses and fond embraces;
For his ardent caresses, all love's bewitching pow'r?

Marina

Oh, spare me! In some humble little cottage
Thou and I shall dwell in bliss;

What to us are thrones and kingdoms?
We can live for love alone!
If in truth, Tsarevich,
A life like this delights thee,
Thou wilt surely find in Moscow
A host of willing damsels,
All lovely, all rosy, with hair of sable hue!

Demetrius

'Tis thou alone, Marina, whom I worship.
Thou art my passion, my life, my joy, my peace
eternal.
Pity my anguish, comfort my aching heart.
Ah, do not turn from me!

Marina

'Tis not Marina, 'tis but the woman thou desirest
in me.
But, without the throne of Moscow,
And without the crown and sceptre,
All in vain you strive to win me.

Demetrius

Ah! thou dost wound my heart, unkind and cold,
Marina!
Thy words benumb me like the icy touch of death.
See, I kneel before thy feet; humbly beg one look
of pity.
Turn not away, e'en tho' my love seem but mad-
ness!

Marina

Rise, poor foolish lover and grieve no more,
Since all thy pray'rs are useless.

Rise, poor suff'ring martyr.
Ah! how I pity thee!
My gentle friend, I grieve
To see thee broken hearted,
Lost for love of thy Marina;
Night and day of her thou dreamest,
Hast thou then thy throne forgotten,
Ceas'd to think of Tsar Boris?
Hence, begone imposter!

Demetrius

Marina! Speak not thus!

Marina

Hence! thou abject scullion! Go! thou serf!

Demetrius

Hush, Marina!

What? dar'st thou then reproach me
For the sorry life I led before I knew my mission?
Shame! Insolent Pole! for I am Tsar!

My Russian friends, from ev'ry side are flocking;
To-morrow sees me lead my valiant troops to battle.
Warriors tried and true, we'll march upon the
Kremlin,

For fate hath decreed, that I mount my father's
throne!

When as Tsar I reign at length, alone in pride and
splendour,

O, with what delight in mock'ry I'll laugh thee to
scorn!

O, with what smiles of pity I'll look on thee then!
On thee, who frantic with envy shall weep thy lost
crown;

While servile, humbled, one day I'll see thee
Crawling to kneel before my throne.
Then, ah then, I'll bid my courtiers all to mock at
poor Marina.

Marina

To mock me!
O, Tsarevich, I entreat thee;
Forgive me, friend, because my cruel words
Were not intended to be reproaches!
It was my great love that drove me to speak thus;
Jealous am I for thy fame and thine honour!
Now hear me, love, when night is dark and silent.
O, my beloved, thy Marina will ne'er deceive thee!
Forget, forget her now!
Forget her and love awhile,
And haste to seize thy lawful throne.

Demetrius

Marina!
Hell has no torture to equal mine!
Why must thou add this pang of falsehood?

Marina

I love thee, my beloved,
Thou hast won me!

Demetrius

O speak those words again, Marina!
Let my suff'ring heart find peace;
Speak again those tender words
Enchantress, and queen, thou art my life!

Marina

Tsar my own!

Demetrius

Rise, Tsaritsa mine! Queen of my heart, arise!
Come to me, my bride long desir'd,
Come to me!

Marina

Ah, thou hast brought me fresh hope and courage!
Come my love, my King! (*They embrace*)
(*Rangoni is seen watching Dimitri and Marina from afar.*)

The Guests (*behind the scenes*)

Hurrah! Hurrah!

(*Curtain.*)

FOURTH ACT

SCENE 1

A clearing near Kromy. On the right hand rising-ground, with a path leading across the stage. In the distance the city walls.

At the foot of the slope, a great log.

A crowd of vagabonds rushes down the slope, in the midst of them the boyard Kroutshov in chains.

Chorus (*The Crowd*)

Lead him this way! Now seat him on this log, my children!

That's right! (*They put Kroutshov on the log*)

Now lest he hurt his throat, poor gentleman, by shouting we'd better gag him

To save his voice! (*Stuffing a rag into the mouth of Kroutshov*)

The Men

Quite right! What, comrades would, you leave a great noble without some mark of honour?

What, without honour!

The Women

'Tis not civil.

Why, Tsar Boris made him general!

The Men

The Tsar Boris did steal the crown of Russia;
This man, my friends, has robbed the thief himself.
What? Then pay him all the honours due to honest thieves!

Eh! Here guards! Fomka! Epikhan! Stand on either side!

(Two men leave the crowd and stand on either side of Kroutshov)

That's right!

The Women

Come see this wondrous sight, was never seen before, a nobleman without a mistress!

What! devil take you! A lord without a mistress, 'Tis a feast without pudding: only dry bread.

Afimya my darling, the gossips do say

You soon will reach your hundredth birthday

So, my dear, you're very safe...

(An old crone, grumbling and coughing, leaves the crowd and goes towards Kroutshov)

Fair maid, come sit you by this noble man!

Come hither! Ha, ha, ha.

The Men

That's right! Now pay him honours due,

Pay him honours due! Hey! Let the women start!

The Women

(The chorus forms a semi-circle around Kroutshov)

No falcon is flying in skies so blue,

No swift steed racing the meadows through.

All

Sit you here awhile

Most high and mighty, boyard,

Sit awhile and think.

Praise to our nobleman, praise to our Tsar Boris,

Praise to our nobleman, praise to our Tsar Boris!

Glory! *(The salute him)*

The Men

Stop, women! Our nobleman has come without his
cudgel.

Well, we'll replace it by this horsewhip.

(They put a whip into Kroutshov's hands)

That's good! Start again now!

Women and Men

Sit awhile and think, fine gentleman,

How to please Boris you have beaten us,

Sit and think how many

You have beaten to death, honest folk.

Praise to our nobleman, praise to our Tsar Boris,
Glory!

(The salute him)

All

Think with what great honour you have treated us,

Think, in snow and tempest, over the tractless steppe,

Our poor lads you drove like beasts of burden;

The whip was never spared.

Praise to our nobleman and praise to our Tsar Boris!

O, praise and glory to our noble boyard!

Glory, glory! Evermore!

(They bow very low)

The Village Urchins

(Enter the Village idiot, surrounded by boys. His feet are bare, and he carries one shoe made of birch bark)

Trr! Ha! Old saucepan cap! Ha! Old saucepan cap!

Trr! Ha! Old saucepan cap! Ha! Old saucepan cap!

Ou-lyou-lyou-lyou-lyou-lyou-lyou-lyou-trr!

The Idiot

(seated on a stone, sings and rocks himself to and fro)

In the moonlight the cats are crying,
 Poor Silly Billy now must rise and say his prayers:
 Lord I bow in worship,
 Lord I worship,
 May it keep fine,
 May the moon shine,
 May the moon shine...
 Brightly...

The Village boys

Good day, good day, Old Silly Billy,
 Rise, pay us honour due,
 Come, get up and make your bow,
 And doff your iron cap!

(They tap on the iron saucepan he wears for a hat)
 Ding, ding, ding, ring a ding!

The Idiot

I've got a farthing, shining and bright.

The Boys

Nonsense! Silly Billy, that's not true!

The Idiot

(searches for his farthing)

Look!

The Boys

(they snatch it away)

Fwhitt!

The Idiot

Oh dear me! To rob a poor creature like me!
 Oh oh dear! O, my little farthing's gone!
 Oh dear! Oh dear! (*He weeps*)

Missail and Varlaam (*behind the scenes*)

Dark is the sun and dark the moon,
 Stars are eclips'd in the Heav'ns above,
 The earth itself doth shake and tremble
 For the crimes and wickedness of Tsar Boris.
 Wild beasts and dragons wander around
 And horrid monsters ne'er before known
 Now are born on this earth to devour mankind
 And all for the sins of Tsar Boris.

Missail (*approaching*)

All through the land his servants go to kill and torture
 Christian folk.

The Crowd (*moving to the right*)

Who are these?
 They are holy monks just come from Moscow.
 Who are they friends?
 Good worthy monks, they sing of Boris, and his cruelties and tortures.
 They tell of the suff'rings of us poor folk,
 Of us poor innocent people.

Varlaam

Inspir'd by pow'rs of darkness
 In honour of Satan and his reign on earth . . .
 Groan and lament Holy Russia,
 Yea groan beneath the heel of this apostate,

Weep beneath the rule of this accursed regicide,
To the fame of his crime still unpardoned.

The Crowd

Haïda!

Gather up our scatter'd forces,
Pluck up courage, rouse the young and brave!
Fiercely leaps the pulse of our Cossack blood.
Day by day our strength increases,
Rising like a mighty wave,
Like a torrent rushing ever onward. Hoï!

O, thou power mighty,
O, thou force that none may bind,
O, thou fierce and mighty pow'r,
O, thou dark and threat'ning pow'r,
Be thou with our young and brave
With our young and daring lads.
O, may they have a jolly time,
O may they take their fill of victuals,
Have a jolly time, take their fill of all.
Take our fill, take our fill and be gay!

Missail and Varlaam

O, good people,
Welcome now your Tsar, your lawful Tsar,
Render homage unto the chosen of God,
Who rescued him from the murd'rer's hand.
O, good people, welcome your lawful Tsar,
Dimitri Ivanovich!

The Crowd

Gather up our scatter'd forces,
Rouse the young and brave!
Wake, and pluck up courage!

Day by day our strength increases,
 Rise like a torrent sweeping all before its course!
 Prowling searching, Boris sends his minions
 To harry innocent people!
 Puts them to torture, shows them no mercy,
 Innocent people, all true believers.
 Death! Death! Slay, slay Boris!
 Death to the regicide!
 Arise and slay Boris.

Lovitski and Tscherniakovski (*off the stage*)
 Domine, Domine, salvum fac Regem Demetrium
 Moscoviae, omnis Russiae, salvum fac.

The Crowd

What men are these? What the devil do they here?
 Howling worse than wolves! (*They run to the left
 chasing the Jesuits*)

Now! Black devils?

Lovitski and Tscherniakovski
 Domine, salvum fac!

Varlaam (*to Missail*)
 Black crows and scavengers! They, like us, have
 come to
 Proclaim the Tsarevich! Can't we stop them, my
 friend Missail?

Missail

We must stop them!

Lovitski and Tscherniakovski
 (*appear on the stage*)
 Domine, salvum fac Regem Demetrium Moscoviae!

Missail and Varlaam

Death, death, to these black ravens!

The Crowd

Haïda! To death, to death!

Death to the vampires,

Wizzards, heathens, devil's spawn! (*They seize the Jesuits*)

Varlaam and Missail

Come, let us give them promotion on a tall tree!

There, let them carol their joyous songs,

Singing loud and free!

(*They bind the Jesuits*)

Varlaam

Tighten the knots! And see they cannot make any signals.

Leave them not a chance whereby they may escape!

Lovitski and Tscherniakovski

Sanctissima Virgo!

Juva, juva servos Tuos!

The Crowd

Haïda! On this poplar!

(*The crowd drag the Jesuits off the scene. A crowd of vagabonds appear upon the scene to listen. A procession of the troops of the False Demetrius passes by, after which the vagabonds occupy the scene again.*)

Missail and Varlaam

Glory unto our lawful Tsar!

Thou whom the Lord hath saved!

The Crowd

Praise to our lawful Tsar, whom God has saved to us,
Our Tsar, whom God has rescued!

Glory to thee! Whom God has saved to us!

(The False Dimitri appears on horseback.)

Long life and glory, Dimitri Ivanovich!

Glory, glory, glory.

The false Demetrius *(on horseback)*

We, Dimitri Ivanovich, by the holy will of God,
Tsarevich of all the Russias; Prince of the blood,
And lawful ruler, Lo, we pledge our word, and
promise

Help, and protection from Boris, refuge from oppression.

Khroustchov

Gracious Tsar, son of Ivan, glory to thee. *(He bows
very low.)*

Demetrius

Rise, good boyard! and follow us where rages the
battle!

To our Holy land of Russia, *(he goes up the slope on
the right)*

To Moscow! Let us seek the Kremlin!

The Crowd

Hail to thee, Tsar! Hail to thee!

Hail to thee, Tsar! Hail to thee, Dimitri Ivanovich!

*(The tocsin is heard ringing off the stage. The crowd
follows the False Dimitri.)*

Lovitski and Tcherniakovski (*follow Dimitri*)

Deo gloria!

(*Trumpets behind the scenes. The stage is left empty.*)

The Idiot

(*seated on a stone. To the right the glow of a great fire*)

Flow, ah! flow, my bitter tears,

Weep, lament, all ye true believers!

Soon the foe will come,

All the world grow dark,

Dark as blackest night

Ne'er a star shines through.

Woe and sorrow always!

Lament, Russian folk, poor hungry folk!

(*Curtain*)

SCENE 2

The Granovitaya Palace in the Kremlin. Benches on each side. On the right a door giving on to the Red Staircase. Also on the right, but nearer to the footlights a table with writing materials. On the left the seat of the Tsar. A special sitting of the Duma of the boyards.

Chorus of Boyards

Well, the council should begin, my Lords!

Sir, you must be the first to speak.

Long since I knew my mind, my views are settled.

(*To the Secretary*)

Then write, Andrew Mikhailich!

1st Boyard

The villain should be burnt alive, at once.

3rd Boyard

Yes, but stay! You needs must catch your hare
Before you roast him, my lord.

1st Boyard

Just so . . .

4th Boyard

No, my good lords, I think not . . .

2nd Boyard

Boyards, good Sirs, do not quarrel.

1st Boyard

The traitor, whosoe'er he may be,
Must endure the strappado,
(They sit down)

2nd Boyard *(They rise)*

And afterwards he shall be executed,
And his corpse cast forth as carrion.
(They bow and sit down)

3rd Boyard *(They rise)*

What remains shall then be burnt in the marketplace
Before the people! His ashes shall be three times
accurs'd,
(They bow and sit down)

4th Boyard *(They rise)*

Then, his dust be straightway scatter'd far and wide,
to the winds of Heav'n.

All

So no trace on earth shall linger of this traitor, this
pretender.

And ev'ry man who join'd in this rebellion shall die;
His body shall be expos'd to view.

Now, let this proclamation be read throughout all
Russia,

In the villages and cities, in all the streets and
churches,

And in ev'ry public place and square . . . by order.

Command the people on their knees to supplicate

And entreat the Lord for Russia, our suffering country.

Some Boyards

Ill luck! Shouïsky's not here! Though he's a schemer,
We cannot do without him; his opinion's weighty.

(Enter Shouïsky)

Shouïsky

Forgive me, noble Boyards . . .

The Boyards

Why, here he comes at length!

Shouïsky

Have I arriv'd too late, then?

Excuse me, Sirs, if I have kept you waiting . . .

But yesterday, when from the Tsar I parted,

My heart was heavy, uneasy at his state of mind;

Quite by chance, then, through a chink I spied him . . .

O, friends, I saw a fearsome sight!

Pallid, an icy sweat upon his brow,

His whole frame shaking, the Tsar was babbling low,

Such strange unmeaning words and phrases,

While his eyes were flashing with frenzy!
 Some dark and deadly secret devours him;
 Boris by constant anguish is broken.
 Then, turning pale, as though he saw some spectre,
 He cried aloud and bade the thing depart!

The Boyards

No! not so, Prince!

Shouïsky

'Twas the Tsarevich who appear'd, as though to haunt
 him.

Vainly, then, Boris implored for mercy, crying "avaunt!"
 "avaunt, child!" "avaunt, child!"

(Enter Boris.)

The Boyards

What?

Boris

Avaunt! avaunt!

Shouïsky *(He perceives Boris)*

Hush! the Tsar! the Tsar!

The Boyards

God above! Ah, God above!
 May the Saints protect us!

Boris *(Approaching the footlights.)*

Go! child! Avaunt! Avaunt!
 What voice said "Thou murd'rer?"
 No murd'rer I! Boy, thou still livest!
 And Shouïsky deserves for his false oath
 Some awful death!

Shouïsky

May the peace of God be with you!

Boris (*listening*)

Ah?

I summon'd ye, my boyards, (*He moves towards the throne*) upon your wisdom relying.

(*Seats himself*)

In troublous times, in hours of doubt, I count on your
aid,

My nobles are my refuge.

Shouïsky.

O, great and mighty Tsar,
Permit me, thy poor slave,
To speak, although my words are weak.
Hear me, I pray. There upon, the Red-Stairs,
Waiteth a meek old man, who asks an audience with
thee,

And begs to stand before the Tsar.

A man of truth and wisdom,
Whose life has been blameless,
He has a wondrous secret to tell the Tsar.

Boris

'Tis well. Go, summon him.

(*Exit Shouïsky.*)

Perchance to talk with this ancient man of God
May restore my peace of mind and bring my soul
repose! . . .

PIMEN'S TALE

(Enter Pimen, who stands before Boris and looks fixedly at him)

Pimen

A peaceful monk, who knoweth nought of worldly
lore and wisdom,
Now dares to let his voice be heard.

Boris

Speak on, thou worthy man, tell thy story,
Hiding nothing.

Pimen

One ev'ning, as daylight faded,
Came to me a shepherd, an aged man, and hoary,
Reveal'd to me a great and wondrous secret:
"From days of childhood I was blind", said he,
And from that time I knew not light from darkness;
Both seemed alike. And all in vain I tried
The juice of herbs, and many charms and philtres;
And all in vain I bathed mine eyes in waters
Brought from many holy fountains.
'T was useless! And so, in time, I grew resign'd,
And, e'en in dreams, no more I look'd on forms
and colours,
All was dark; I lived but in realms of sound.
Then, one day I heard a voice, a childish voice
That call'd to me in accents distinct:
"Rise, father, arise, and go to Ouglich town,
And make thy way to the Cathedral,
There pray upon my tomb, as I direct thee.
Know, shepherd, I am Dimitri, your Tsarevich,

And now the good and gracious God,
 Hath number'd me among his Saints
 To work for Russia many wonders" . . .
 At length I woke, reflected, took with me
 My grand-child and started my long journey.
 I scarce had said a pray'r upon his tomb,
 When all my soul was gladden'd,
 And healing tears began to flow, and sight
 Return'd to me. I saw the sunlight,
 The shining heav'ns, my grand-son and the tomb!"

Boris

O, I stifle! air! light!

(Boris falls unconscious into the arms of the boyards)

Boris

Tsarevich! Bring my son! Ah, this is death! My
 vestments!

*(The boyards place him in a chair. Some of them hasten
 to fetch the Tsarevich, others go for the monks of the
 Choudov Monastery)*

Boris *(Enter Feodore in haste)*

Now leave us here, alone together.

Farewell, my son, I am dying.

'Tis thou wilt reign when I am gone.

Enquire thou not how to thy father came

The Russian throne, for it concerns thee not.

Thou art a true and lawful Tsar,

Thou art my heir, thou art my eldest son.

Dear son, thy father's well beloved!

Be thou cautious and trust not too much the nobles;

Watch all their plottings, their secret intrigues with
 Lithuania;

Chastize all the traitors with rigour,
And show not any mercy;
Prove thyself just to the people, firm and impartial.
Be the champion and guardian of Russia's Holy Church;
Honour all the blessed Saints of God.

My son, protect thy sister, our Tsarevna,
She has but thee to care for her on earth;
Cherish her, my pure and spotless dove.

(almost *parlando*) God in Heav'n! O my God! Thou
seest me,

How I, a sinful father pray with tears
For this my son! Not for myself, o God!
Saviour, from the heights where thou reignest,
Pour down Thy saving grace and love
Upon my innocent children . . .

Kind and loving . . . Angels who night and day
Guard the throne of God above! . . .

(He embraces his son)

O, with your wings of light enfold them closely,
Protect my son, my heir from ev'ry harm,
From ev'ry trouble. (*He folds the Tsarevich in his arms
and kisses him. The funeral knell is heard*)

Hark! 'tis the passing bell!

The mourner's cry: "Wrap him in monks attire
And bear the Tsar away."

Chorus (*Behind the scenes*)

All ye people, weep, lament!
For he breathes no more;
His lips are for ever seal'd,
And no answer may he give. Lament!
Hallelujah!

(Enter the boyards and the procession)

Feodore

My father calm thy spirit, the Lord will help thee.

Boris

Nay, nay, son, my hour has come ...

Chorus

Before mine eyes a little child expires,

Boris

Saviour! Saviour! Help me now!

Forgive! My crime is repented!

O cruel death! How thou dost torture me!

Chorus

He weeps aloud, and clamours;

He struggles and pleads for mercy,

And cries in vain for succour

But none would come to save him ...

Boris (*starts suddenly*)

While I have breath, I still am Tsar!

(*Puts his hand to his heart and sinks into his chair*)

I still am Tsar ... Ah God! Death! Forgiveness!

(*Points out his son to the Boyards*)

Here is your Tsar! Have mercy ...

(*whispers*) Forgiveness ...

The Boyards

(*whispering*) He is dead ...



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